

Quebec Notes, III.—By a Rambler.

ALL this Basse-Ville is bundled together topsy-turvey, every foot being utilized, owing to the small space between the cliff and the waterside. Narrow and tortuous are the streets even the main arteries, Rues St. Paul, St. Pierre and Dalhousie, having one car track only and barely room to pass. If fond of exciting sport you can ride your bicycle there some hot and busy day. But you are to be pitied if you have only one language, for you will probably be abused in ten.

Raising the eyes you notice the heights above, topped in a grim row by the guns of Grand Battery. Here is a fine collection of curiosities in the shape of old cast iron twenty-four pounders and mortars, flanked by an exquisite bit of lawn and garden, overlooking the Rue de la Montagne. Here stood the old Parliament Building where met the fathers of our Confederation. Behind is the noble pile of Laval University, the seminary, and the Basilica: next in order, or rather in glorious confusion, the Bureau de Poste, Hotel de Ville, and the Palais de Justice, all fine structures. This brings the eye back to the terrace. It is overlooked by the Governor's garden, as it used to be called. There are splendid trees here, and you can recline in comfortable shape at any time on the most scorching day. In its centre rises the taper shaft of granite that commemorates the fallen chiefs of France and England's armies. Of a summer evening, when one feels lonely among the five thousand odd promenaders enjoying the band on the terrace, this makes a cosy spot where you can retire for meditation. The foliage keeps off the too bright glare of electricity, and the music comes up soft and soothing to the weary soul. I have noticed that the young folks on the benches always think they